Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1915 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1915. Number 12

MESSAGES

Ws speed them over the land,
Illimitably along.
We breathe them under the sea,
By our cables dark and strong.
We hurl them into the air,
From shore unto farthest shore,
And soon from mind to quivering mind,
We yet shall wing them o'er!

And then shall a thousand miles
Indeed be shorn of its strength,
And God not seem denied
By the breadth of space and the length.
For if our spirits may fling
Their power and thought afar,
His soul, it may be, to infinity
May spring, from star to star.

—*Cale Young Rice.*

A sympathetic reader of Unity "struck a little incident" recently which she has sent in as a possible "keynote for a 'Note' for Unity." It needs no editing to fit it for the editorial columns of Unity: "In the rest room of our big office building I found a bunch of typewriters and stenographers discussing the topic of the day, the President's demand on Germany, and one little girl was just saying, almost under her breath, 'And the paper says the President wrote it all with his own hands on his own typewriter.' I couldn't but realize that to more than that one little girl her daily occupation had been touched with a new dignity, and I was not conscious of irreverence when my thoughts sprang back to the poem you read last Sunday:

"'He was a carpenter just like me.'"

The Sunday School children of All Souls Church, Chicago, are to have charge of the introductory services at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday, May 30, which is also Memorial Day and which will be "Peace Day" in this church. A special program is being prepared and the minister's sermon will be an introduction to a rendition of Aristophanes' "Peace," which will be rendered on the Sunday afternoon following, June 6, by the Sunday School children under the direction of Mr. Maurice S. Kuhns. For many years under Mr. Kuhns' skilful direction the Sunday School of the Abraham Lincoln Centre has closed its year's work with a dramatic performance intended to intensify and enforce the year's work. In this direction there have been rendered in the years past Longfellows' "Pandora" and his "Judas Maccabæus," a dramatic interpretation of Buddha and his work and "Job," a notable interpretation, which was repeated in Mandel Hall at the University of Chicago to a great audience which was profoundly impressed by the rendition of the children. We have reason to believe that the rendition of this great peace argument written in 421 B. C., and which is strangely modern in its exposition and arguments, will be worthy of a place in the above list.

The annual meeting of the Progressive Friends at Longwood, near Philadelphia, is an institution of long standing and of interesting history. In the old, heroic days before the war Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass and their fellows were wont to declare the full counsels of the Lord as they understood them. The call for this year's meeting on June 4-6 is out, Mr. Frederic A. Hinckley, Presiding Clerk. The call says, "Let us gather with the old enthusiasm for humanity that we may help the world toward justice, equity and peace." On Friday, the 4th, the opening meeting will be at 10 o'clock a. m. At 11:00 Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago will speak on "Peace—Above All Nations Is Humanity." In the afternoon at 2 o'clock John Haynes Holmes will speak on "From Absolute Monarchy to Pure Democracy in Industry." At 3 o'clock Frederic Hinckley will speak on "Old and New Reasons for Temperance." At 10 o'clock Saturday morning Professor Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania will speak on "Work versus Ownership." At 11 a. m. Miss Maud Gorham of Swathmore College will speak on "Woman Suffrage." At 2 p. m. Frank P. Chisholm, a graduate of Tuskegee, will speak on "The Negro: His Fifty Years of Progress." At 3 p. m. Prof. John P. Lichtenberger of the University of Pennsylvania will speak on "Eugenics, or The Science of Race Improvement." The Sunday morning meeting will be taken up by Frederic A. Hinckley on "America's Mission to the World." Surely the program indicates that the Progressive Friends of Longwood are still progressing, that they are still out on the picket line of reform.

The following greeting comes from far off Vesteros, Sweden: "Love and Peace on Earth! Greetings from this Peace Congress. The First International Peace Congress of Women has been a great success." (Signed) Ruth Randall Edström, Florence Holbrook, Jane Addams, Rosika Schwimmer, under date of May 1, 1915. We are glad to pass it along to the readers

of UNITY, who will rejoice with us in the triumphs of the Women's Congress. Perhaps no direct result will be traceable. Little in this direction was to be expected and, perhaps, the prime movers were the most modest in their expectations, but indirectly the influence will be far reaching. The words spoken at The Hague and, still more, the personalities there assembled will undoubtedly go far, reaching from royal mansion to peasant's cot. These delegates have left a trail of benignity behind them, like Christ's visit to Hades as described by Stephen Phillips. They have modified the climate, lightened up the gloom and shed the fragrance of spring wherever they have gone.

"The Collegiate Anti-Militarism League," the President of which is a Columbia man, the Vice-President a Harvard, the Secretary a Princeton and the Treasurer a Yale man, while the University of New York, Barnard College and Cornell are each represented on the executive committee, carries a clumsy name, but it represents a live body of earnest seekers. Upon investigation they find that in thirty-seven colleges 63,000 students are opposed to the practice of military drill and summer military encampments, while only about 17,000 are in favor of the same. Twenty-two colleges are opposed to military drill while only fourteen favor it. Investigation also shows that military drill does increase the military spirit, thus refuting the argument that "preparedness for war makes for peace." The President, Prof. Carl G. Karston of Columbia, reports that "one of the most significant facts revealed by the letters sent out is that no jingoistic sentiment exists among the students. There is nothing of a desire to build up an army to conquer foreign territory. The possible fate of the Philippines arouses no particular anxiety. The demand for a greater America is barely present. One must rather look for these in the secret chambers of "dollar diplomacy," in the executive offices of the manufacturers of shrapnel and 14-inch guns."

These are the times when would-be teachers of moral and religious theory and practice are summoned to the front. Are our rationalists badly confused by war manipulators? Are the judgments of courts and the administrators of justice in danger of missing their mark and perpetrating injustice? With the President much besieged by the clamorous militants who display impassioned and impetuous rancor when a deliberative body of philosophers is needed, then is the time when the churches should exert their influence, if they have any. Then should preachers declare their visions, if any be vouchsafed them. Among commendable activities in this direction may be mentioned the vigilance on the part of some preachers and some churches in Chicago concerning the action, or rather non-action, of the Illinois State Legislature on temperance lines. Last Sunday, Powers' Theatre was well filled by a representative audience largely of men to listen to a protest against the hanging of Leo Frank, which culminated in a respectful appeal to the Governor of Georgia. This meeting was addressed by many speakers, among whom were Father O'Callaghan of the Roman Catholic Church, Rev. R. A. White of the People's Liberal Church and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Recently the following dispatch was sent to President Wilson: "All Souls Church and its minister send profound thanks for the wise forbearance exercised by you in these trying days. We pray that you may continue to show that diplomacy is higher than war. No indignity can be atoned for by the slaughter of the innocents. Keep the gun unloaded. Kent of California paid you high tribute to my congregation last Sunday." This dispatch brought the following reply:

My Dear Dr. Jones:

The President directs me to thank you for your kind message, and to assure you and the members of All Souls Church of Chicago, Illinois, of his deep appreciation of your generous expressions of confidence. He bids me to thank you also for your thoughtful kindness in sending him the enclosure, which he noted with appreciative interest.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. P. TUMULTY,
Secretary to the President.

Let the forces of righteousness be mobilized. Let the preachers marshal their pacific brigades. Let the students, colleges, public schools and Sunday Schools be aroused by the fluttering of the white bordered banners, be stirred by the logic of peace and be enlisted in the army of love. There is need to enlist the higher courage in this war against war.

Miss Scripps, who bears a noted name in the journalistic world, from which she has received great wealth acquired largely in the newspaper business, and who recently has been spending $175,000 in making an amusement center for her town of San Diego, Cal., has given $100,000 to Knox College, $100,000 for the biological work in California and $50,000 to increase the facilities of a girls' school in San Diego. Slowly but surely the holders of riches are learning that they are the trustees of a bounty in the interest of humanity. At best their right of possession is a passing one and the more honorable the accumulation the more profoundly will the obligation be felt. Let the example of Miss Scripps be laid to heart by other "trustees" of the world's bounty. Immense fortunes are constantly passing into the hands of women and with them a larger life is opening up before these women. Let these favored trustees of destiny learn to think large of their opportunities and study well the prospective of the world's needs. Let them not fritter away a fortune on the small and passing repair-shop

work of the world, but let them turn to the great creative agencies that are bearing humanity forward.

Mr. Norman Angell, who has already conducted two summer schools in the interest of peace, one in Le Toquet, France, in 1913, and one near Bickensfield, England, in 1914, is expected to arrive from London on May 16 to conduct a similar "School of International Relations" at the Cornell University from June 15 to June 30. Two representatives from each of thirty universities and colleges are to have their expenses paid by the Carnegie Foundation. The Church Peace Union is to similarly send twenty students from the theological seminaries of the United States. A few others are to be admitted for a small charge. Dr. George W. Nasmyth, one of the directors of the World's Peace Foundation of Boston, is to have charge of the work, and the students are to be chosen with special reference to their qualities as to leadership. The aim is to make every one a center of fermentation for rational ideas. It is expected that some of them will go into the work as a profession. Ten students already selected are to be sent out on lecture tours immediately after the school closes. This is a wise movement. There is still need of much education on this subject. Even educated men and right-hearted women who hate war flounder in patriotic blindness when it comes to questions of "international honor" and the settlement of disputes between nations. The old question of "The Flag" and "My Country" and the providential function of "My Nation" is involved in a sentimental ignorance of the simplest principles developed by international science and the study of universal interests. College professors, presidents and students are sadly in need of education along these lines. Churches are apathetic, preachers give forth uncertain notes for want of more intelligence on these subjects. Oh, they all "want peace!" They are all ready to sing the angel song at Christmas time, but they are not persuaded that war is first, last and all the time a survival of brute biology and that organized society has outgrown war and its accursed methods. Let the scholars be turned loose that they may work upon preachers, governors, senators and college presidents. The time has come when international warfare is first, last and all the time accursed. It settles no questions except as to which power can be the most successful murderer; which country has displayed the most skill in raising the horn, the fang, the crocodile's armor, the shark's disemboweling instrument, the skunk's stink-pot to their highest human efficiency.

How to Wage a Peaceful War

The possibility of diplomacy has never yet been tried. It is a sad commentary upon our statesmanship that the words "diplomat" and "diplomacy" have come to be used almost exclusively as terms of reproach, as if they carried an element of "crookedness," subtle deceit or hypocrisy. But the fact remains that diplomacy is the main antidote to militancy. The appeal to arms is destined to give way to the appeal to reason. When that time comes the diplomat will come into his full power.

The segregation of the guilty parties, the withdrawing of all public confidence, the forbidding of commercial intercourse, are all possible ways of dealing with lawless members in the family of nations. Among the higher developed animals the troublesome are discarded. The beaver world has its "bachelor" beavers, those who are not worthy of a place in the community, and they are sentenced to live apart. There are "rogue elephants," those who will not play the game of life fair, they are dismissed and are compelled to wander apart in single wretchedness. May not the time come when there will be "bachelor nations" and "rogue powers?"

Apropos to the President's sane letter to the German Powers, J. H. Whigmore, the eminent Dean of the Law School of Northwestern University, has submitted a memorandum to the President of the United States, suggesting the possibility of a "Peaceful War," either carried on by the United States alone or by a union of neutral nations. His suggestion as to how the United States could carry on a "peaceful war" is full of original and creative suggestions. Such a peaceful war could be based on the principle:

(a) That war by human slaughter is wasteful and needlessly cruel, and (b) that a political and commercial boycott is equally effective, and is more civilized, because it does not take away human life forever, but merely restrains liberty temporarily. It would be the civilized successor of war, just as prison and fines are the civilized successors, in criminal law, to the death penalty invariably imposed for all crimes in the crude Middle Ages.

The specific measures that would affect a political and commercial boycott are enumerated as follows:

1. All *bank credits* and other accounts payable to the offending nation, or to its citizens domiciled abroad, would be indefinitely suspended; their payment in any form being neither obligatory nor lawful; and no new ones should be lawfully incurred.
2. All *shipments of merchandise* to that country would be embargoed.
3. All *ships* belonging to that nation and found in American harbors would be impounded by the government; their use to be leased at public auction to our citizens; subject to the service required in paragraph 1 below.

Among the "personal measures" suggested:

1. All *citizens of that country,* now being within this country, would be given thirty days to abjure allegiance to the offending country and to take oath of allegiance to the United States (thus placing them under the criminal law of treason). At the end of thirty days, those failing to abjure would be given another thirty days to leave this country (the impounded ships being used for the purpose). Judicial receivers would be appointed to care for their estates until, after submission of the offending nation, terms were imposed by treaty permitting their return.
2. All *immigrant citizens* of the offending country, arriving here after the beginning of the boycott, would be allowed to land only after abjuring allegiance as above.

This bloodless war could be carried into the printing world as follows:

All *printed matter* in the language of the offending country would be treated as follows: (1) The importation of any such printed matter would be forbidden. (2) The publication in this country of periodicals in that language would be suspended.

Other suggestions are made. We have printed enough of them to show how far-reaching and how practical are the enlightened substitutes for war—brutal, physical, inefficient, and so awful in its wastefulness.

Students of American history need to re-read the life of Thomas Jefferson, to re-examine his argument and his official act concerning the "embargo." He was simply ahead of his time by two hundred years, in this as in so many other respects. What if such a warfare should bring some loss of trade or a disturbance of business? What is such a *calculable* loss compared with the *incalculable* waste of even one day of such wicked wastefulness as is involved in the present war devastation of the world?

Some More Editorial Wanderings

Again the Editor has been on wheels. Two visits were recently made to the Champaign-Urbana University community, the first time to take part in a unique School of Religion, a six weeks course under the joint management of the pastors of this hyphenated town and certain professors of the University of Illinois. The attendance was voluntary, but credit was given for work done under prescribed conditions. The course of study was arranged with a view, primarily, of enlightening and quickening Sunday School workers, present and prospective. All the churches of the community heartily joined. The enrollment was large. The meetings were held in the evening, each session lasting from 7:30 to 10 o'clock. The first period was given to more or less technical class work, the last to a lecture of a more inspirational character, designed to awaken the right emotions and to strengthen right purposes. The Editor spoke on "The Common Elements in All Religions or the Overlapping Territory of the Denominations." It was after nine o'clock in the evening when his number was called. But the large audience seemed not weary and their interest did not flag. We are promised a full account of these meetings and when it arrives we will be glad to add further editorial comment upon this altogether interesting, suggestive and prophetic gathering.

The last visit was under the joint auspices of the Educational Department of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, of which Henry S. Haskell, 407 West 117th Street, New York City, is the Director, and the University Committee, of which Professor John D. FitzGerald is Chairman. The lecture was given in the auditorium of the university and the audience of students was large and their interest was manifest.

On this occasion the lecturer dined with the Cosmopolitan Club, where thirteen nationalities, including members from India, China, Japan, Russia and all the belligerent nations, were represented. It was a concrete demonstration that the hard lines of nations, the assumed antagonisms of principalities and the fundamental differences of races exist only to the militant and to the dogmatic.

Last week the Editor attended the "World Court Congress" at Cleveland, Ohio. These meetings, of which John Hayes Hammond and John Wesley Hill were the prime movers, developed unexpected interest and increasing enthusiasm. The program was a notable one, the speakers were eminent, including ex-President Taft, both the United States senators from Ohio and noted jurists and men of business from various parts of the country. The meeting was most fittingly held in the "Armory," a prophetic suggestion of the high uses to which these embodiments of public money and public interest are eventually to be dedicated. Ex-President Taft's opening address drew together an immense audience and made a profound impression. Mr. Taft has always been consistently sound on Peace questions.

All the speakers were unanimous in their demand that the disputes of nations should be settled by fitting courts of law rather than by an appeal to arms, although there were some haltings on the part of some of the speakers as to applying this principle at once, and living up to the logic of the situation. Perhaps there was too much rhetorical confidence in the "Flag" in some quarters and a disposition to discount the hyphen.

Why are we so prone to disclaim our love for our parents, or at least our grand-parents and great-grand-parents? Are not all American citizens very directly "hyphenated Americans?" Is it a crime to love one's grandfather-land as well as fatherland? Is it not possible to love the "Stars and Stripes" all the more because its protecting folds were sought by those who still love the land of their birth and are still proud of the "pit out of which they were dug and the rock out of which they were hewn?"

The Congress made a dent on Cleveland, as the colors everywhere displayed, the large space given to the meetings in the daily papers and the great audiences which crowded the sessions testified. Steps were taken to give permanence to the organization, and if there is room for one more society in the field already burdened with presidents, secretaries and "boards," surely this latest child of a high movement has its claim for a place and for the respect of the public.

Gerrit Smith

Interesting Incidents and Testimonies Brought out by the Publication of his Biography in the Pages of Unity

BY CHARLES E. PERKINS.

The publication of my Life of Gerrit Smith in UNITY has brought to me many letters of uncommon interest, having reference to the period of our country's history in which he was so active, and to his own part in vastly important affairs. Some of these letters are reminiscent, written by persons yet living, who knew Mr. Smith or members of his family. Thinking it likely that readers of UNITY might be glad to share the gratification I have experienced in receiving such letters, I have decided to give extracts from a few of them; and herewith do so.

Rev. Dr. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the first of her sex to be regularly ordained to the ministry of the gospel, and who still lives, and has signalized her intellectual and physical activity, at the age of nearly ninety years, by the bringing out of a book on the philosophical bases of religion within a few months, knew Gerrit Smith intimately, and was often a guest at Peterboro. Mr. Smith took part in her ordination in September, 1853. Writing to me last summer, Dr. Blackwell says:

> At my ordination Gerrit Smith's part was the address to the pastor. He gave us sensible, acceptable words, also to the congregation. Not very long after the ordination an anonymous $100 came to me to be used for the benefit of my work. It is probable that Gerrit Smith was the donor.

Referring to the esteem in which the great citizen was held, Dr. Blackwell writes, in this same letter:

> He (Gerrit Smith) was admired, beloved and believed in in the whole region where he lived, and widely elsewhere.

Then folows this curious anecdote:

> I had a conversation once with a man who lived at a considerable distance from Peterboro, but in that part of the country. He told me he had heard Mr. Smith's addresses and liked what he said so well that he decided to see his personal surroundings, so as better to realize the character of his hero. He happened to arrive at Peterboro at a right time to see Gerrit Smith and me walking and talking together in the garden. It reminded him, he said, of "Adam and Eve walking in the Garden of Eden." He did not enter, but walked to and fro for a time, and then departed, "amply rewarded for his trip."

Dr Blackwell continues:

> I cannot recall the man's name, if I ever knew it, and do not think I met him except on that occasion; but your letter recalls those past days so vividly that the long-forgotten incident comes as freshly to my mind as though it occurred yesterday.

Dr. Lyman Ward, founder and principal of the Southern Industrial Institute at Camp Hill, Ala., writes to me of his delight in the story of Gerrit Smith's life, saying:

> His (Gerrit Smith's) name has been a household word in my family for years. My grandparents were Oneida and Madison County people and always believed in Gerrit Smith. Some years ago, at the home of my cousin in Bridgewater, I saw a bill of sale executed between Peter Smith, Gerrit Smith's father, and my great-uncle, Joel Ives, conveying a slave woman and her children from Mr. Smith to Mr. Ives.
>
> It was my good fortune in the last years of her life to have known Mrs. Miller and her daughter Anne. I was a guest at Lochland once, and this visit is among my most cherished memories. . . . Gerrit Smith was an institution in himself.

Judge Peter Smith, the father of Gerrit, was not a large slaveholder—there were no large slaveholders in New York—but he owned a few blacks, some of whom he sold and others of whom he freed. In the back of the ancient family Bible, now in possession of Gerrit Smith Miller, at Peterboro, on a flyleaf, is a record of the birth of several slaves. After the name of a slave named Pomp the word "Sold" is written; and after the name of a slave woman, Jenny, the following record of manumission, in Judge Smith's handwriting:

> After the death of my beloved wife, Saturday evening, August 28, 1818, I told Jenny in the presence of Rev. Mr. Kitchell and my son Gerrit that she might have her freedom whenever she desired. So would her mistress have done if she had lived. P. SMITH.

It was necessary that the overseers of the poor should be satisfied that Jenny would not become a public charge upon being freed. Accordingly the case was investigated by those officials, who gave their verdict in the following document, which I found among Judge Smith's papers, which he had written out for them, and they had filed with him as county judge:

> State of New York, }
> Madison County. } ss.
>
> We, the undersigned, Overseers of the Poor of the Town of Smithfield, in said county, do certify that the colored woman named Jenny, now or lately owned by Peter Smith, appears to be under the age of forty-five years and of sufficient ability to provide for herself. And likewise that the female child named Florence, of which the said Jenny is the parent, is about two years of age, and that the said parent is willing and able to maintain and provide therefor.
>
> SAMUEL NICHOLS,
> WRIGHT BRIGHAM,
> Overseers of Poor.
>
> Dated July 29, 1819.

Gradual emancipation had been provided for in 1799, and slavery came to an end in New York in accordance with its wise terms, in 1828. At the date of the freeing by Judge Smith of the bond-woman Jenny, there were only about ten thousand slaves held in the state.

Miss Ellen S. Barnett of Washington, D. C., lived in Peterboro when a child, and has a whole volume of memories of Gerrit Smith and all the members of the Peteboro household. She is a niece of Caroline Freedom King, governess in the Smith home, 1832-35, citations from whose diary kept during the time of her residence, form, according to my notion, such an attractive feature of the early chapters of the Life of Gerrit Smith. Miss Barnett has written me at length of her recollections of the idyllic Peterboro circle, and several years ago she wrote for publication an entertaining article on "How Gerrit Smith Appeared to a Child." I should like to quote from her letters but should not know where or when to stop.

The descendants of Joshua R. Giddings, the distinguished abolitionist member of Congress from northern Ohio, cherish, among the voluminous letters and papers preserved in the family home at Jefferson, Ohio, many letters of Gerrit Smith to Mr. Giddings, and recall the intimate friendship that existed between the two men. In the Giddings' home, they have informed me, Mr. Smith among all the

great leaders in the reform era of the nineteenth century, was held in peculiar veneration and honor.

A particularly interesting letter came to me some two months ago from W. D. Hoard, of *Hoard's Dairyman*, Fort Atkinson, Wis., from which I extract a few paragraphs. Mr. Hoard writes:

> I knew Mr. Smith very well, living in the adjoining town of Stockbridge till my majority in 1857. My father was a strong abolitionist and a friend of Mr. Smith. He lived on a small farm in a very intense Democratic neighborhood. My father, who was the school district clerk, allowed an escaped slave to hold a meeting in the district school house. The result was the raising of a mob among the young Democrats in which my father and the negro were very roughly used.
>
> This incident, I remember, brought a letter of sympathy from Mr. Smith to my father. It was with difficulty that my father could decipher the meaning of what Mr. Smith wrote, owing to his very peculiar chirography. That letter I have never been able to find.
>
> Mr. Smith was a matchless orator. No man I ever heard, not even excepting William Jennings Bryan, could equal him in the wonderful sonority of his voice, its penetrating quality and his command of English. I remember very well when a youth about sixteen, I think, of hearing him defend a German farm hand by the name of Zecker for the alleged crime of killing an old farmer by the name of Buck, in the town of Nelson. The county seat, Morrisville, was crowded with people from all over the county. . . . Mr. Smith's plea was one of the most impassioned utterances I have ever heard. I remember well what a shudder went over the audience as he uttered these words: "Blood! Blood! Blood! The people have grown bloodthirsty." The culminating power of the three first words, each one exceeding the other in thrilling effect, was, as I recollect it, a marvelous exhibition of the power of eloquent speech to move the hearts of men. Zecker was acquitted, although in the sober judgment of those who heard the evidence he was believed guilty.

In the final chapter of the Biography, I have referred to the Zecker murder trial, and given the testimony of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Kennedy, to Gerrit Smith's wonderful plea to the jury, a testimony which agrees in all respects with the impression made upon Mr. Hoard's mind. That Mr. Hoard should retain this impression in all its vividness after nine and fifty years, having heard, in the meantime the greatest orators who have addressed the American public, constitutes a tribute to the great citizen's earnest eloquence of the most convincing character.

Mr. Hoard's reference to the difficulty of deciphering Gerrit Smith's hand-writing recalls my own early struggles with his letters and journals. But I became expert in reading his writing before I finished my task. He was not nearly as blind a writer as Horace Greeley, one of whose letters to Mr. Smith I was more than a year in completing the deciphering of. I mean to say that I took it up at intervals for renewed study through as long a period. When the last puzzling word cleared up under my repeated efforts, I breathed a sigh of relief. There was no form or method in Greeley's writing. Gerrit Smith's had its characteristics which, when one had mastered, the reading was not so very difficult.

In bringing his letter to me to a close, Mr. Hoard writes:

> Those old days of anti-slavery agitation were, in my estimation, without a peer in the annals of political agitation in this country. Madison County was a storm center, being the home of Gerrit Smith. His great fortune and wonderful talent were thrown into the balance in support of the cause. . . . I heard Mr. Smith when and wherever I could get a chance before the year 1857, when I removed to Wisconsin. . . . . I shall always retain, as long as I live, a deep affection for Gerrit Smith. It was a blessed thing for this country to produce such a man. For this reason I beg to thank you for what you have written concerning him.

It was with feelings of profound regret that I wrote the words "The End" at the close of my Biography. But, may I confess it? the long and close relations into which my labors brought me with Gerrit Smith, his family and the noble company of his friends, make the country where all are living now more attractive to my thoughts. One day I confidently hope to see them, one and all, in that world in which love and justice reign, and joy is duty and duty is joy.

Keosauqua, Iowa, April 20, 1915.

My Library—No. XXVI.

In one of the so-called "Upanishads" there may be read this most vital prayer:

> Out of the unreal lead me to the real;
> Out of darkness lead me to light;
> Out of death lead me to deathlessness.

Perhaps no one has traced the history of mankind's efforts to find the way out from the evident dualism presented in this prayer, which in many senses may be called the most universal prayer of all, than Paul Elmer More, in the sixth series of his "Shelburne Essays," now numbering altogether some ninety or more, and gathered into eight permanent volumes. It certainly was a happy day when their author set out to write them; may he live long to continue them in ever-diversifying scope and manner.

In these essays one finds just the extra light and suggesting and prodding that one so often actually needs, even after having read very much of what has been said respecting the most ordinary of their themes; while, when one comes to his treatment of matters that are by no means so ordinary, one is almost flooded with elucidation that is final and judgment that convinces. In this, what a difference from what one derives from the commonplaces of even the "critical" reviewer, as he usually presents his subject. In Mr. More's distinctive phrases, people live over again, or rather have never died, and give out new aspects of themselves and the things they were most interested in. By comparison, reading More is like passing from a field of stubble and weather-spoiled grain to one that is resplendent and redolent with leaf and blossom and fruit that have caught every sunbeam of the entire summer.

Especially have I been struck by the truth-provoking insight which Mr. More has exhibited respecting the obscurities and intricacies of the things that have most interested esoterics everywhere. For instance, his "Drift of Romanticism" is a volume replete with flashes of helpfulness respecting the nature of this particular "drift," one that has more often perplexed if not disgusted those who have tried to understand it, than otherwise. Even after reading George Brandes' six big volumes on the literary aspects of Romanticism, to say nothing of what Heine and DeQuincey and Royce and others have said, one has need nevertheless to con as carefully as possible what More has to say before thinking himself fully prepared for anything like a fair conclusion. Upon every revelation of theirs, More has reflected a light

that brings into sharp differentiation that which before was too vague to be satisfactory.

And so it is with respect to his studies and writings upon the sources and history and promise of man's religious and philosophic yearnings and experiences. Here, too, there is so much that is helpful, that one must look far for anything that is quite their equal. Passing from what was current in "The Forest Philosophy of India," through discussions of such varied students and experimenters as St. Augustine, Blaise Pascal, Bunyan and Rousseau, even unto what modern scientists have made current today, this volume is at once a guide and instructor and convincer that one has seriously to reckon with at almost every step of the way, and again most certainly at the end also. Then add to this his sun-clear account of the life and death of Socrates and its significance for our present times, and one finds oneself quite capable of subscribing to More's final summary, as after all the one thing most needed at the present time for an as yet superstition beridden world, namely: "By his life and death, he gave to doubting men renewed assurance that virtue is the only real happiness, more to be desired than riches or honor or favor of life itself, and that there is a lamp of truth to guide us in virtue's path." Certainly, as compared with the Nitschean "Will to Power," Socrates may be wisely considered the better inspiration and guide. How clear, too, does More make the meaning of the old and ever new conflict between Infinite and finite, Eternal and temporal, mind and matter, soul and body, mortal and immortal, and all the rest, stand out; and how none the less clear also does he make the many speculative attempts to bring these contending or diverse notions into one philosophic or religious concept and then to deify this with all the energy and persistence of agonized souls—a success by no means as yet evident and probably never to be evident, so long as facts are as they are and not as someone may imagine them to be. In fact, the All-abiding and the All-transitory are to remain as they ever have been in unresolvable diversity; and More shows us how every attempt to marry them into some mystic or rational unity, while undoubtedly affording comfort meanwhile to few or many, in no wise assures the world that such a union has ever been or ever will be a permanent one. At least, the longing and speculating and imagining world, with all its claims otherwise, has not yet found out the bridge imaginary or rational that the soul can cross from diversity to unity with anything like satisfying certainty. Nor has the Creating and Revealing Spirit yet said how this is ever to be done, or when. In the meantime, *In luce veritas* must be the only comprehensive watchword. "I will lead you" must also be read, "I will be led."

So again it is when More comes to discuss such a book as G. Lowes Dickenson's "Justice and Liberty," or his "Greek View of Life." Here again in either case he is so masterful of the subject that he takes you along to his conclusion without noticeable resistance from either your prepossessions or your distinct knowledge. Let him likewise offer his thoughts about, say, "The Pragmatism of William James," or about Matthew Arnold or Walter Pater, or about any other one of his numerous topics, and one feels the contact of a knowing, truthful, skilful man and writer, one, too, who has learned the happy art of condensing his matter, saying what he means, and—stopping!

I have asked myself many times, What it is in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Essays" that keeps me from quite unreservedly yielding to their distinctive spell, even while granting all the desirable qualities that have been so universally accorded them? Nor am I able satisfactorily to answer it now. One thing comes to mind, however, that may serve until something more exact is discovered. Those who have read his Life and especially his Letters will remember that he served an apprenticeship that was unique so far as imitation of various favorites could go, and so far as rigid construction and criticism of his own work could discipline him for ultimate determination as to what the standard for his own matter and style was to be. Quite probably all his later writings show the effects of this to an extent that more or less veils the actual Stevenson who did the writing. There is such a thing as too finished a style, too abstract a conception and treatment, too exalted a standard, to be exactly applicable to the given author. In either of these cases, the writer is apt to be elusive and uncompanionable. I sometimes think, or rather feel, that Stevenson, with all his apparent frankness and affability, was yet something more than his deep or canny Scotch nature would let him fully reveal.

However this may be, and I suppose to most readers it appears as simple nonsense, Stevenson's volumes are so worth owning and reading that My Library would be "queer" were they not conspicuously on its shelves. "Familiar Studies" especially do I like, and no one can read "Virginibus" or "Memoirs and Portraits" without developing a liking, as well. Then there is "Across the Plains," with its chapter, "The Lantern Bearers," from which Professor James quoted to me so felicitously, once upon a time, and with such a glow of praise for the Stevenson he had known and loved! On the whole, however, were I to select my choice of Stevenson for a castaway hour, it would be none other than the indescribable, unsurpassed "Travels with a Donkey"! How my heart does throb with undisguised companionableness, when I read, "A little out of the village, Modestine (was ever a beast so gently cognomened), filled with the demon, set her heart upon a byroad, and positively refused to leave it." Ah, "filled with the demon!" Why not? Forsooth was not ancient Socrates likewise filled with the demon, and would not budge an inch, in consequence? 'Tis ever thus, the Old can become married to the New, and the world be allowed the ever and ever blessed privilege of learning that philosophers and donkeys are a caste just by themselves, not to be neglected by anyone who can kill or even "chastise," so be it ostensibly for the unalloyed satisfaction of his own differing notions!

Nor would I forget Stevenson's unique volume of "Prayers," with all their cheery, sweet notes, almost from the Just Beyond! I happen to know of one pain-crushed body and spirit who was lifted and comforted by these, as by none others. I would that millions more might have their similar benefaction. Perhaps after all I would better take back what I said about the veiling of Stevenson's selfhood, and see if the veiling does not more appropriately belong—perhaps to my own unseeing self, instead. Such

things have happened in the writing-reading world not infrequently. I trust it is no unforgivable sin if once again a similar mistake has been made.

Speaking of Stevenson and More very naturally leads one to remember the earlier French Essayist, Sainte-Beuve, who in his celebrated "Monday Chats" (*Causeries du Lundi*) and "Portraits," gave the reading world pictures of the celebrities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that are as interesting as romances and as instructive as set biographies. Of course the subjects are very largely French; but as our own Franklin as well as several Englishmen are included, one does not feel entirely in a foreign land, on account of this. Although Sainte-Beuve has been more or less disparaged as a critic, it is very certain that his insight and skill and prodigious industry and withal his independent spirit, has made the day when he turned from the pursuit of medicine to the vocation of authorship a happy one to multitudes of readers, who, without his help, would have mostly remained in ignorance of the subjects he so lucidly portrayed. Undoubtedly his inner change of sentiment from provincialism to a truer catholicity, his friendship for Louis Napoleon, his delving on many years as "a workman by the piece and by the hour," as he says, until in fact he came to look upon himself "as a player forced to go on acting at an age when he ought to retire, and who can see no term to his engagement," even his unswerving truthfulness, all made it hard for him to do his best at times; but his industry, coupled with a temper that was unremittingly happy, made it possible for him to write as one wishes many another might write upon the lives, the politics, the religion, the philosophy, of his own land.

Such a shelf of volumes as those comprising "The English Men of Letters" series, it is difficult to find the right word for. First, they were edited by John Morley, a man in whom it is natural to place literary confidence, and who never makes you feel a mistake has been made. Then they were written by authors who knew not only their subjects proper, but the setting in which they were to be found, as well. Hence as one reads, one after the other, "Chaucer" and "Milton" and "Fielding" and "Spenser" and "De Foe" and "Johnson" and all the rest, one not only gets an accurate and vivid portrayal of the many described, but an equally interesting account of his *milieu*, as well, and so is most delightfully made master of the whole of English history that is best worth knowing.

And quite the same may be said of the sister series, "The American Men of Letters." Here "Poe" and "Hawthorne" and "Ripley" and "Margaret Fuller" and "Emerson" and the others are seen as they appeared to their contemporaries, such as Higginson and Sanborn and Holmes, and so on. Through the clear eyes of these able delineators, we, too, can see, and the goodly vision never palls or blinds.

Speaking of "Series," reminds one of the contemporaneous list of "American Statesmen," after much the same style. To one who has need to get a vital sense of what certain exceptional individuals have had to do in building and preserving our United States, here is a help that almost exceeds every other that I know of. As "Footnotes to History" they should not be neglected. Indeed, owning them might be something for most households to be exceptionally proud of.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVI.
Luke

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. vi:31

The great radical critic, Ernest Renan, called the book of Matthew "the greatest book ever written." Canon Farrar has told us that the book of Luke has earned the praise of being "the most beautiful book that has ever been written." Perhaps this morning we may be able to see how on the severest rationalistic ground, judged by the standards of literary excellence and spiritual influence, both these men were right. Matthew still looms up as the greatest book ever written because it alone gives us the Sermon on the Mount, and it alone gives us some of the greatest and most imperishable parables. There we reach the highlands of literature, the tablelands of the spirit. The Book of Luke is from a literary standpoint almost self-interpreting. There is little doubt in the minds of the critics that whoever wrote them, the books of Luke and the Acts are the work of one hand. These books, almost after the fashion of modern authors, each have a preface, an introductory word. It is literal vivisection to tear apart the two books which should be printed one following the other.

The name Theophilus, to whom the introductory words are addressed, indicates that he was a Greek and a nobleman. He seems to have been a literary companion of Luke, interested in the movement, a lover of books, perhaps, of whom we know nothing except as he is addressed by this unknown writer. By inference the name of Luke has been attached to this book, as Matthew was attached to the Gospel bearing his name.

There are some very interesting passages in the book of Acts which suddenly drop from the third person singular into the first person plural, known by the critics as the "we" passages. They have the earmarks of being a diary of someone who accompanied Paul on his journeys. Only three times does the name of Luke appear in the New Testament, each time in the letters of Paul. Writing to the Colossians incidentally and affectionately he speaks of him as "the beloved physician," to Philemon he mentions "Luke my fellow-worker" as being with him in Rome, and to his dear young colleague Timothy, speaking of his disappointment over the men who have left him, says, "Only Luke is with me."

So by constructive study, scholars have come to the conclusion that the "we" passages were written by Luke, and by the same sort of a process they infer that the man who wrote these two books was someone who had access to this diary and quoted from it. He must have been a Hebrew scholar, knowing the Hebrew scripture as one from the inside. He also wrote in the best Greek of the New Testament writers, Paul not excepted, unless it be the author of the little book of James. While a Greek scholar, authorities think

he must have had a Jewish background to his mind and culture, and they form the conclusion that he was an Hellenistic Jew, one of the many Jews who had been scattered abroad at that period, which represents the Jew at his best in point of scholarship, freedom and culture. As a Hellenistic Jew, living somewhere in one of the thought centers of Asia Minor, where there were many rallying points of the new movement, Luke came into the zone of Paul's influence. This unknown author picked up the material at hand and wrote the connected story.

In the intensive study of this book, differentiating it from the companion biographies of Matthew and Mark, you realize that you are in the atmosphere of a Universalist, not in the denominational or sectarian sense, but in the atmosphere of one who believes that sect and race lines fade in the faith of the new movement. He resents the narrowness of certain Jews who wish to fence in the message of the Nazarene.

This author frankly and, oftentimes, quite literally, uses material from Mark, indicating that he had that book before him; so when the three, Matthew, Mark and Luke, have the same material, it is clear that Matthew and Luke borrowed from Mark. But there is an interesting line of argument showing that it is very doubtful whether the author of Luke knew Matthew, else he would surely have quoted the Sermon on the Mount as a whole and not have broken it into three pieces. However, this is to be expected because they were not contemporary. Professor Christie puts Luke quite at the end of the century. Mark was in the stream of Petrine traditions and had spent his earlier years in Jerusalem when Peter was building up the new movement. Luke came into the stream of tradition that caught Paul, and he picked up some things of surpassing value that Matthew and Mark did not have.

It would be difficult to find a critic more satisfying from an appreciative standpoint of literary criticism than Canon Farrar, although for better technical and analytical criticism there are higher authorities. Farrar was a preacher more than a critical student. He has summed up the characteristics of the four biographies in this way:

St. Matthew's is the Gospel for the Jews; the Gospel of the Past; the Gospel which sees in Christianity a *fulfilment* of Judaism; the Gospel of Discourses; the Didactic Gospel; the Gospel which represents Christ as the Messiah of the Jew.

St. Mark's is the Gospel of the Romans; the Gospel of the Present; the Gospel of incident; the anecdotal Gospel; the Gospel which represents Christ as the Son of God and Lord of the world.

St. Luke's is the Gospel for the Greeks; the Gospel of the future; the Gospel of progressive Christianity of the universality and gratuitousness of the Gospel; the Historic Gospel; the Gospel of Jesus as the Good Physician and the Savior of Mankind.

St. John's is pre-eminently the Gospel for the Church; the Gospel of Eternity; the Spiritual Gospel; the Gospel of Christ as the Eternal Son, and the Incarnate Word.

He says further: "St. Luke wrote in Greece for the Hellenic world." In this he is hardly justified, but he did write *for* the Greeks.

In style this Gospel is the purest; in order the most artistic and historical. It forms the first half of a great narrative which traced the advance of Christianity from Jerusalem to Antioch, to Macedonia, to Achia, to Ephesus, to Rome. Hence it neither leans to the yearnings of the past nor is absorbed in the glories of the present, but is written with special reference to the aspirations of the future. It sets forth Jesus to us neither as the Messiah of the Jews only, nor as the Universal Ruler, but as the Savior of sinners. It is a Gospel not national, but cosmopolitan; not regal, but human. It is the Gospel for the world; it connects Christianity with man. Hence the genealogy of Jesus is traced not only to David and to Abraham, but to Adam and to God.

There are six miracles and five parables peculiar to Luke. The parables are those of the two debtors, the good Samaritan, the importunate friend, the rich fool and the barren fig-tree. There are four parables which I have called the four-square of the Gospel, viz.: The stories of the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the Sower, and Dives and Lazarus. These enclose the essentials of the message which Christianity has tried to give to the world. Worked out, thought out, loved out and lived out, they would make a life of beauty. We would not have had the story of the Good Samaritan had it not been caught by this Hellenistic Jew who wrote about the end of the first century.

There is a clear line of reasoning which is most interesting and which leads the critics to feel quite sure that this book was written after Jerusalem capitulated to Titus 70 A. D. Luke writes in the guise of prophecy that which was history,—the thing had happened, the Temple had been destroyed stone by stone.

There is much in this Gospel that shows that Luke's sympathies were with the poor, with the Ebionites, a sort of communistic band who espoused the cause of poverty. In his version of the Beatitudes Matthew says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Luke has it, "Blessed are ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."

If the contents of these three biographies which we call the "Synoptics" should be represented by 100, the original material out of that 100 used by Matthew is about 34 per cent, Mark's original is only 7 or 8 per cent and Luke has the balance, which is perhaps 56 or 58 per cent.

Let us not be satisfied to gain a dead level respect for the New Testament, to like it because it contains many good things and is the handbook of Christianity. We want Matthew, Mark, Luke and John to stand before us with as distinct features as would four friends. Let us have more than a mere composite photograph of Jesus.

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(1) Give some of the reasons for attributing Luke and Acts to the same author.

(2) Where does the name of Luke appear in the New Testament?

(3) What were Luke's "sources"?

(4) What are the points in Canon Farrar's appreciation of Luke?

(5) Give parables only found in Luke?

THE JOURNEY.

We were so young, so glad,—is it not so?
And joining hands we frolicked in the sun
Glad with the flowers and birds,—is it not so?
And no one said us nay,—not one.

Today we are surprised,—is it not so?
That all the lovely morning hours are gone,—
Surprised at our own faces, that they show
Us different than we were at dawn.

We are surprised,—a little. Even so
The summit has perspectives to the sun
Glad with the flowers and birds, come, let us go
No one shall say us nay,—not one.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE STUDY TABLE

A New Book by Alexander Webster

In the last ten years I have heartily commended to the readers of UNITY two books by Alexander Webster, for many years the eloquent leader of the Unitarians in Aberdeen, Scotland, a man of unusual ability as preacher and writer, who, by force of character and grace of personality, made himself for a long period a power for good in the educational and philanthropic activities of that city. One of these books was a novel of real merit, the other his own life-story. I wish now to call attention to another little book which he sent out on his recent seventy-fifth birthday, from his bed where he lies as an invalid, able only to write and make card games for the Belgian relief fund!

This last book of 150 pages (price, 50c) is entitled, "Theology in Scotland," which the reader will at once decide is a dry, uninviting theme. All "theology" is, in these days, viewed with disgust or indifference by most people, and surely *Scotch* theology must be exceedingly uninteresting or repellant. However, Mr. Webster has made the pages of this little book glow with intense human interest. This is no chip-basket of scripture texts; no dull web of mystical speculations remote from practical tasks; no arid exposition of dogmas which merely hang in the air; no tangled mass of theological controversies, which shine with the wrath of God or the anger of the writer against his opponents. We find ourselves face to face with a modern man, to whom "theology" is the science of life; whose religious horizon is as wide as history; whose religious life feeds on literature rather than rite and dogma; whose religious faith is as modern as the sun, incorporating the scientific discoveries and social yearnings of the present; and whose religious hope is throbbing with the heart-beat of universal Humanity, alive with love for grace and truth wherever found.

This little book has six chapters; the themes present a wide range of interest, while the discussion of each is vital and vitalizing. The first, "Development of Theology in Scotland," made a marked impression when given at the International Unitarian Congress in Boston a few years ago. In the second, "Revolt Against Calvinism in Scottish Literature," it is shown how Scotch writers have run to naturalism and humanism rather than in the ways of dogma. The fourth and fifth chapters deal in a most interesting way with Macdonald, Stevenson and Drummond. The whole book deals largely with personal and literary elements. The last chapter discusses suggestively and helpfully "A Vital Religion for the Scots People."

The most original chapter in the book is the third, entitled: "The Religious Message of Robert Burns." Mr. Webster has made himself a master of the subject, upon which he throws much light. He shows how the poet's mind was liberated and ennobled by certain Unitarian books which came into his hands as a boy. This chapter alone gives the volume worth and distinction. It presents a valuable contribution, which helps to explain this remarkable poet; a most admirable piece of work.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

New Books

I have waited cheerfully while the life of Gerrit Smith has been in the process of being written and published in UNITY. It seems only yesterday when Mr. Smith was a power in the social formation of America. I remember well when for the first time I came across his Ethical Grading—when in a superb oration he told the people that the true aim of the country was not patriotism but philanthropy. His Grading ran after this manner: first, manly selfhood; second, family dignity and purity; third, national honor; fourth, internationalism with justice as the basis; followed by human fellowship and finally sonship with God. The only religion that he recognized was that love of human kind, that universal justice that culminates in the religion of Jesus. He was a Christian in that sense and that only. This instruction, coming to me in my boyhood, was of vast value.

When I was in Hamilton College, in 1850, no name was more commonly used in association with independence and fun, alike, than that of Gerrit Smith. He was nothing of a Puritan during the Puritanic era of his college life. He liked to play cards, and he did it in spite of President Backus and College Laws. They used to tell that he went to the janitor's room, with half a dozen boon fellows—which the President suspected. Backus was of enormous build, and wore boots of bulk and weight. Taking a pair in his hand he went into the janitor's room, asking him to take them to the village to be mended. "Very well," said the janitor, "lay them down doctor, and I will see to them." The doctor strided up in front of the bed, and flung them under with energy. This was followed by an emphatic groan. Lifting the valance, the President discovered Smith, and asked with pretended astonishment why he was there. Gerrit rolled over pathetically toward the doctor, and replied: "President Backus! I am just now meditating on the mutability of empires." This was the President's topic in class room.

At about eleven years of age, while my father was milking his cows in the street, not far east of the College, and I was playing at this and at that, a man drove down the hill in an uncovered plain buggy; and when he came to my father he stopped and the milking stopped. The conversation that followed was full of friendly good cheer and not a little laughter. When he drove on my father said to me: "Remember that you have seen Gerrit Smith—a man of almost unequalled value." Not long before that he was Trustee of the College, or recently had been; but he had become very broad in his religious views, and had lost popularity with the hierarchy. Hamilton College, like other colleges, had its financial difficulties, and during Smith's official term these difficulties became very troublesome. He proposed to pay all the debts and the current expenses of the college, if they would turn over to him its general management, and to some extent the curriculum. This offer was refused, and the end was entire separation from his Alma Mater. I am very glad that the book will soon be within reach of us, and while I do not expect to see old times return, I feel that much of the best of the twentieth century was due to Gerrit Smith and a few other men like him.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Every man or woman is one of mankind's dear possessions; to his or her just brains, and kind heart, and active hands, mankind entrusts some of its hopes for the future; he or she is a possible well-spring of good acts and source of blessings to the race.

MON.—What Christ taught was not a code of rules, but a ruling spirit; not truths, but a spirit of truth; not views, but a view.

TUES.—The soul asks honor and not fame; to be upright, not to be successful; to be good, not prosperous; to be essentially, not outwardly, respectable.

WED.—I can think of no more melancholy disgrace for a creature who professes either reason or pleasure for his guide than to spend the smallest fraction of his income upon that which he does not desire. . . . Benjamin Franklin went through life an altered man because he once paid too dearly for a penny whistle.

THURS.—To go on forever and fail and go on again

* * * *

With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right.

FRI.—For it is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.

SAT.—If I have faltered more or less
In my great tasks of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE NEW HOUSE.

My little house is very young;
No shadow makes its grave.
With bluebird chintz and roses hung
Its chamber windows wave.

Here never blind-eyed grief has knocked
And entered groping in.
The doors that seem so free, are locked
As yet to Death and Sin.

Here only happy wondering dreams
Walk nightly to and fro.
They are the friends of white moonbeams,
And simple as the snow.

My little house is very young,
And very unaware
That dreams are wrought and songs are sung
In any subtler air.

Oh, might I keep its bluebirds bright,
Its hearth still warm and gay!
Oh, might my House but know delight,
And not be dark some day!

—Fannie Stearns Gifford.

The Real Discoverers

Uncle Robert had been explaining how messages could be sent back and forth between two far-apart places without any wires at all,—just telegraphed right through plain air! It was certainly very surprising! Morry and Paine went out on the doorsteps to talk it over.

"No, nothing but great tall poles at the places where you send them and get them,—the messages, I mean. You send them straight through nothing!"

"He said you set little waves moving in the air and they go all the way across to the other place."

"Yes," Uncle Robert's voice said. "And I really think the bunnies discovered it."

"Our bunnies?"

"No, not ours, but their great-great-great-grandfathers—oh, a great many greats!—way back to the first bunny family that ever was. They were the ones that discovered wireless telegraphy. I think they ought to have the honor. If there's a splendid statue ever made, I think it ought to have a big cottontail bunny on top of it!"

"Oh," laughed both small boys at once, "tell us why, Uncle Robert! My, a statue to bunnies!"

"Well, in the bunny family, when there is any danger from an enemy,—and the poor little wild bunnies are surrounded by enemies on every side,—the different members of the family telegraph a warning to each other.

"'Run! There's an enemy coming!' they telegraph, and all the bunny boys and bunny girls and the grown-up bunnies that get the message go scurrying, hurrying into their holes. I tell you, they don't wait a minute. The messages go a good many hundred feet sometimes."

"Through nothing, Uncle Robert—I mean air? Do they send them through the air?"

"No, through the ground. They stamp on the ground very hard with their strong little hind legs when they are alarmed. And they do it on purpose to warn the rest of the family at a distance.

"'Run! Run! Run for your lives!' The little message is carried through the ground much as our wireless messages are through the air. Little sound-waves are set in motion, one after another."

"Well," breathed Morry, "come on, Paine; let's go out and honor the discoverers' great-great-grandbunnies in our backyard!"

Youths' Companion. *—A. H. Donnell.*

MY GIFT.

What the gift that I may bring
For the Prince's cradle meet?
'Tis no costly offering
I may lay beside his feet.

Not of gold, as wise men brought,
For my store is very small,
But the gift of reverent thought,
Quick to list when He doth call.

Not the frankincense of old,
But some fragrance, if I may,
Of good deeds which, we are told,
Rise to God and seem to pray.

Nor the myrrh, though costly too,
But the love that serves instead,
Helping spread the Kingdom true,
Promised in that lowly bed.

From the Christian Record. *—Benjamin R. Bulkeley.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

GENERAL CONFERENCE PROGRAM

The program of the biennial meeting of the General Conference of the Unitarian and other Christian churches, to be held in San Francisco, Cal., follows:

Tuesday

4:00 p. m. Meeting of the Council at Hotel Normandie.

8:15 p. m. Opening Service, First Unitarian Church, Conference Sermon by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., President American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

Wednesday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

10:00 a. m. Address by the President of the General Conference, William Howard Taft, LL.D., New Haven, Conn.

10:25 a. m. Election of Assistant Secretaries and appointment of Committees.

10:35 a. m. Report of the Council by the Chairman, Rev. Minot Simons, Cleveland, O.

11:00 a. m. Address by Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph.D., St. Louis, Mo. "The Service of Theological Thought to the Religious Life."

11:45 a. m. Discussion.

12:30 p. m. Address, Henry M. Williams, Esq., Treasurer, American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

12:50 p. m. New Business.

Adjournment.

Wednesday Afternoon

1:30 p. m. Laymen's Luncheon.

Luncheon of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Minister's Luncheon.

4:30 p. m. Reception to the General Conference in charge of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Wednesday Evening

8:15 p. m. The Everlasting Necessity of Religion.

1. In Personal Experience.
2. Organized, Rev. Albert R. Vail, Urbana, Ill.
3. Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, D.D., New York.

Thursday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

Latent World Peace Forces in the Churches.

10:00 a. m. Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., Secretary of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

10:30 a. m. Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., Manchester College, Oxford, England.

11:00 a. m. David Starr Jordan, LL.D., Chancellor, Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

11:30 a. m. Discussion.

12:00 m. Report of Committee on Ministers' Salaries, Prof. Henry W. Foote, Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.

Discussion.

1:00 p. m. Adjournment.

Thursday Afternoon

2:30 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, William Howard Taft, LL.D., President of the General Conference, presiding.

ADDRESS

David Starr Jordan, LL.D., Chancellor, Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

ADDRESS

Rev. William I. Lawrance, Secretary, Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

4:00 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Young People's Religious Union.

Thursday Evening

8:15 p. m. General Topic:

"Democracy the Goal of Social Progress."

1. *Hon. William Kent, Kentfield, Cal.
2. Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer, Meadville Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pa.
3. Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Uncertain.

Friday Morning

9:30 a. m. Morning Prayers at First Unitarian Church.

10:00 a. m. Address, "Intellectual Enthusiasm and the American College," President William T. Foster, Reed College, Portland, Ore.

Discussion.

10:45 a. m. Recommendations of Commission of 1913 on Ordination of Ministers.

Discussion.

11:15 a. m. Report of Committee to consider receiving ministers from other Communions. Henry W. Sprague, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.

Discussion.

12:00 m. Business session.

1:00 p. m. Adjournment.

Friday Afternoon

2:30 p. m. Meeting under the auspices of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Friday Evening

8:15 p. m. The Unitarian Proclamation.

Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, Boston, Mass.

Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

Announcements

Headquarters will be at First Unitarian Church, San Francisco.

On Thursday evening, August 26th, an overflow meeting will be held in the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, under the auspices of the General Conference for the benefit of the large Unitarian population on the east side of the Bay. The speakers will be announced later.

Saturday, Aug., 29 1915

First Unitarian Church, Oakland, Cal., National Federation of Religious Liberals. Morning, afternoon, evening.

TOPICS

"Interdenominational Fellowship and Co-operation," "Sympathy of Religions," "Inter-racial Justice and Good Will."

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Rabbi Meyer, Dr. G. R. Dodson, Dr. D. I. Jordan and others will speak.

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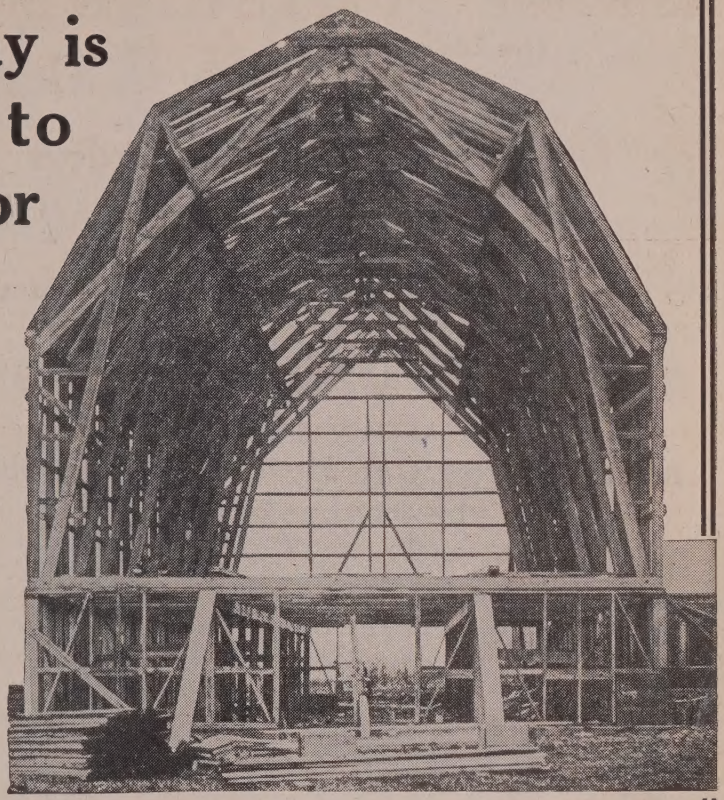

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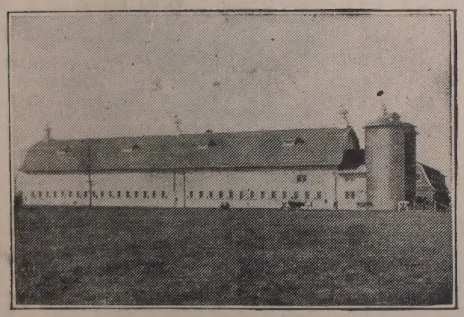

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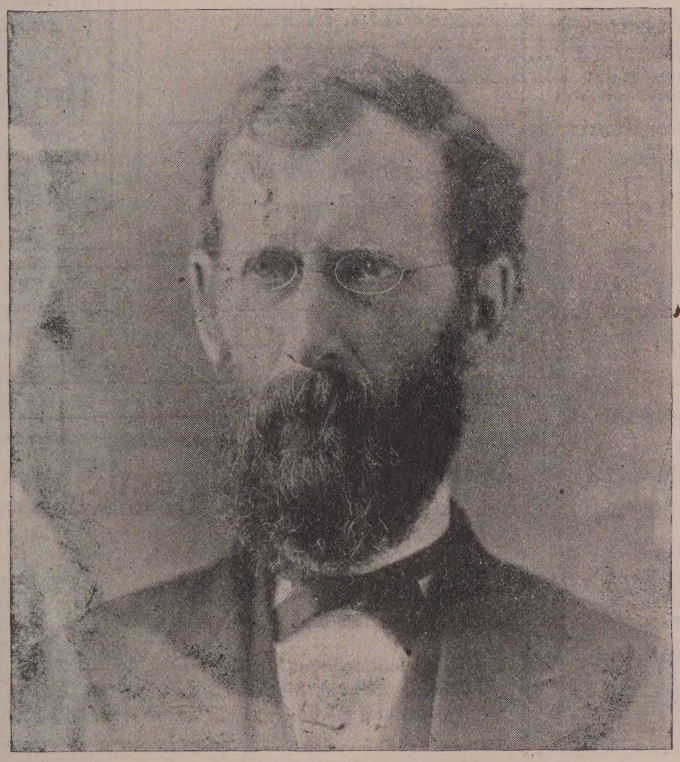

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